

wore a different appearance from what he had before experienced.

While Master *Headstrong* was wondering at this change, the skies began to lour, and a terrible storm arose. The noise of the rolling thunder, and the roaring of wild beasts, now struck him with more horror than he had ever experienced since he left the Land of Disappointment. He proceeded on his way, however, as well as he could, till at last he reached a little cottage, which he entered in

great

great haste to shelter himself from the storm. The owner appeared to be a very surly person, and, though he admitted him willingly enough, never offered him any refreshment, nor bade him welcome. He now once more attempted to get some repose, for which purpose he threw himself upon a couch; but the bed seemed to be strewed with thorns, which, though he could not see them, pricked him so much, that it was not possible for him to sleep.

Besides